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UNITARIAN CHURCH
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkley, Cal.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLVII

MAY, 1939

No. 11

TO MOTHER

Mother! Dear, sacred name, and sweet!
How slow we are to prove
The height and depth and deathlessness
of perfect mother love.
We take her tender daily care, just as
the thoughtless flowers
Look up to God for daily light, because
we know 'tis ours.

But when we miss, from heart and life,
the comfort of her care,
Then we must learn to live without her
presence and her prayer.
'Tis then the name of mother is to us a
holy thing;
And, hovering low, we seem to feel the
shelter of a wing.

—Lizzie H. Underwood.

MOTHER'S SUNDAY

Her children rise up and call her blessed. Prov. 31:28.

FOR more than a quarter of a century the American people have been observing the second Sunday in May as "Mother's Day." The custom is growing more and more in favor with each annual celebration and has proved to be of much value, by placing an out-spoken approval upon the debt all children owe to their mothers. This national custom of observing the second in May as Mother's Sunday originated in the mind of Miss Annie Jarvis of Philadelphia.

Her mother had been a moving spirit in their home town in Virginia and after her death the daughter was asked to arrange a memorial to her in which the entire community might have a part. While planning the memorial Miss Jarvis came to think of what a national commemoration of the debt all children owe

their mothers might mean.

Later she went to Washington and in May, 1914, Congress designated the second Sunday in May as "Mother's Day" and authorized and requested the President to issue a proclamation, calling upon the government officials to display the flag of the United States on all government buildings on that day.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed." This beautiful tribute was paid to a mother who lived many centuries ago in Palestine. Now, in the twentieth century, Miss Annie Jarvis rises up and calls her mother blessed. May we never forget that it is through her heroic endeavors that we have our Mother's Sunday, wherein all American sons and daughters may rise up and call their mothers blessed.

We know mother-love best by what it accomplishes in the lives of her children. It is a cleansing, uplifting, inspiring and transforming power in their lives, a power that makes them the true miracles of the world.

In a Jewish scripture we find the saying that "God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers." Browning said that his mother was "a divine woman." "All I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother," said Abraham Lincoln. Washington Irving said that "the love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes and it never tires. A father will turn his back on his child, sisters may become enemies, husbands may desert their wives and wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all."

A great poet has said that "poetry is indeed something divine. It redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity within man." May it not also be said that "there is indeed something divine in a mother's love," for the influence of

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mothers in the lives of their children is a
character-building process.

A charming little poem, written especially for Mother's Day, is entitled
"Mother's Boy."

"Say fellers, let me tell yer
I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was the feller
That my mother thinks I am.
She thinks I am a wonder,
And knows her little lad
Could never mix with nothing
That's ugly, mean or bad.
And lots of times I sit and think
How nice 't would be, gee whiz!
If I only was the feller
That my mother thinks he is."

When Lincoln's mother knew she could
not live long, she said to him, "I am
going to leave you, Abe! How beautiful
it is out-doors! It is beautiful wherever
God is. I am thankful God gave you to
us. Love everybody, hinder nobody.
Never lie. Never drink. And the world
will be glad some day that you were
born." The father, standing in the cabin
doorway, said, "But he can't sing like
you, Nancy." "The heart sings in many
ways," she replied. "Some hearts make
other hearts sing. Abraham may not
have my voice, but he has my heart and
he may make others sing."

Let us ask ourselves what Mother's
Day means to all of us. We have glorified
Mother-love, but we have said
nothing about Father-love, nothing about
the place Father-love has in the divine
economy of home life. We mean to do no
injustice to Father-love. Perhaps we
take it too much for granted. We know

that it occupies a very exalted place in
family life, and when the Father-love
and the Mother-love are all they ought to
be, the home life is twice blessed. It is
also natural that the mother loves her
children in a different way than does the
father. She sees more of them than he
does: she does more for them than he
does: she understands and knows them
better.

If the Father-love differs from that of
the mother it is a difference not in kind
but in degree. We should expect and
ask more of the father than we now do.
have for him a Father's Sunday.

Mother-love makes such a strong appeal
to us because it makes us think of
what the love of Christ must have been.
If we multiply mother-love by infinity
we shall catch a glimpse of what God's
love is for all of His children. We know
that no mother ever loved her children
more than Christ loved all children.
When his disciples criticised him for
showing so much interest in them he rebuked
the disciples and said to them,
"Suffer the little children to come unto
me and forbid them not, for of such is
the kingdom of heaven."

The love that Christ had for everybody
was something new and startling in the
world and is beyond human comprehension.
It is like the love God has for all
of His children, a love that is all inclusive
and universal. We find this love in
the father's love, not only for his prodigal
son but for the elder brother as well.
It is the love Christ placed at the center
of his gospel of truth, as his two great
commandments of love to God and love
to man.

This great love shines forth in the
parable of the Good Samaritan. To impress
his disciples with the supremacy
of love in their lives he said to them, "A
new commandment I give unto you, that
ye love one another, as I have loved you."
The emphasis should be placed on the
last five words, "as I have loved you."
Only such a love as this could call forth
from Christ the sublime sentiment,
"Greater love hath no man than this,
that a man lay down his life for his

friends."

Christ overcame the world by the power of this all-conquering love. We must know and possess and exercise the Christ love if the forces of darkness at work in the world today are not to be allowed to destroy our Christian civilization.

Our closing word is a prayer for all mothers, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Lord, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part;
That love that reaches not alone
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart.
Wake in their soul true motherhood,
Which aims at universal good.

Lord, give the teachers of the world
More love and let them see
How baser metals in their store
May be transformed to precious ore
By love's strange alchemy,
And let them daily seek to find
The heart beneath the childish mind."

—Contributed by
Rev. Frederic W. Smith.

THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER

I saw the little children of the earth
Pass by me one by one—
I watched them idly, holding close the
while
The hand of my small son.

My son was safe—he could not be a part
Of this strange throng that came
From everywhere—they were so hungry,
cold,
So pitifully lame,

And some were crying, some had lost
their way,
These children of the land;
I drew aside my skirts to let them pass,
And held my own child's hand.

I saw the little children of the earth
Pass by me in a line,
They blurred before my eyes—became
one child,
And that one child was mine.

Then eagerly I ran to comfort him,
To feed and clothe him there,
To give him what his hungry heart had
missed:

A mother's love and care,

And falling on my knees, I prayed,
"Dear God,

Forgive, and let me be
Henceforth a mother to each needy
child—

They all belong to me."

—*Grace Noll Crowell.*

THE LITTLE HOUSE

By S. M. CROTHERS

WE stand outside the little house in which our own lives are to be lived and in which our own proper work awaits us, and we say, "This is a little house and low, no great thing can come to us here; we will go away, and perhaps somewhere, on the heights, we shall see the Divine Helper and dwell with him." But from the hilltop no vision awaits us, and at last we say, "Now we will take up once more our own work, living as best we may in this little house of ours." And when we have shut the door, we say, "All great things are shut out from us now," not knowing that it is at lowliest doors that the Highest stands and knocks. But when in all humility we have entered in, we see the lowly doors growing higher and higher until we see visions of the Eternal coming to us. And still the doorways are uplifted. We hear a voice calling, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!"

—*Courtesy of Post Office Mission.*

He is not seeking for men having perfect hearts, for there are none, but the heart must be perfect toward Him. There must be a willingness to do His will, a fixed purpose to be His; and we must remain in that attitude toward Him which will make it possible for Him to perform all His will for us.

—*Signs of the Times.*

With God all things are possible.

CORRESPONDENCE AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*
56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information:

Your name, age and address (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); names and ages of your children; or, if you are not married, names and ages of your brothers and sisters; name and address of your minister.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice must be sent to the Chairman of this Department.

CORRESPONDENCE

Each of the following would like a correspondent:

91. Arkansas. A mother twenty-one years old who has one little boy a year old.

92. Texas. A woman whose oldest daughter is married, but who has a son aged twenty-one and a daughter aged fourteen who live at home.

93. North Carolina. A mother aged twenty-four who has children five, three, and one year old.

94. Texas. A forty-year-old mother of three children aged thirteen, nine, and three. She lives over two hundred and fifty miles from any of her people, and says she is trying to give her children the schooling which she and her husband did not get.

95. Texas. A fifty-year-old mother who has two sons at home, nineteen and sixteen years old, but whose oldest son will probably never leave the insane hospital where he has been for five years.

96. North Carolina. A widow aged thirty-six years who has three girls seventeen, fourteen, and eleven years old.

97. Arkansas. A twenty-nine-year-old mother who has one daughter twelve years old. She likes to go to church but lives a long way off.

98. North Carolina. A mother, twenty-three years old, who has a little baby boy three months old.

99. Arkansas. A mother of seven children, ranging from five to twenty-eight years. She is forty-six.

100. Arkansas. An eighteen-year-old girl, the youngest of five children.

101. Tennessee. A young wife, twenty-five years old, who is expecting her first baby very soon.

102. North Carolina. A mother forty years old, whose oldest daughter is married, but who has three daughters at home. They are fifteen, eleven, and nine years old.

103. Arkansas. A twenty-two-year-old wife who has no children.

104. Canada. A twenty-eight-year-old mother of four children, aged eight, seven, six, and two. She would like to correspond with someone from the Southern States, as she came from Arkansas.

105. Tennessee. A sixteen-year-old girl, the youngest of five children, who would like to write to someone of her own age.

106. Arkansas. A twenty-three-year-old mother of a two-year-old boy. She says she likes to do housework and to cook, and her husband takes pride in keeping wood enough to cook with, and a supply cut ahead. They will try to write as interesting letters as they know

how.

107. North Carolina. A twenty-eight-year-old mother who has a little girl four years old.

108. North Carolina. A young bride of seventeen who is alone with her mother much of the time, as the men folk are away at work.

109. North Carolina. A forty-two-year-old mother of five children, who was dropped by one of our branches through no fault of her own. Her children are from two to twenty-one years old.

110. Arkansas. A mother of two children, aged four and two, who likes to read and write letters. She is twenty-five years old.

111. Arkansas. A mother of eight children, from one to thirteen years old. She is thirty-three years old.

112. Virginia. A young wife of seventeen who has been married two years. She lives in the mountains and is very lonely since her two months old baby died in February.

113. North Carolina. A member of our Exchange, whose correspondent died, and who hopes someone else will write to her. She has two boys, nineteen and fourteen years old. She is very fond of pretty flowers. She is forty-three years old.

114. North Carolina. A nineteen-year-old wife who is expecting her first baby very soon.

115. Virginia. A woman who married when she was seventeen, and who now has a little six-months-old baby girl. The mother is twenty now. She weighs one hundred and four pounds, and has sandy hair and blue eyes.

116. North Carolina. A mother twenty-six years old who has four children aged seven, six, four, and one. Her husband is not very well, and they live in a lonely place in the country.

117. North Carolina. A widow thirty-five years old, who has seven children from four to sixteen years old. They cannot go around very much, as they live ten miles from any town.

118. Virginia. A forty-year-old

mother who has one little two-year-old boy. The bad roads prevent her from going around very much.

119. Arkansas. A thirty-five-year-old mother of eight children, one to sixteen years old. They live three miles from church and cannot go very often, and a letter once in a while would be almost like a visitor.

120. Tennessee. A mother of two children, a girl fifteen and a boy twelve. She is fifty-two years old. She and her husband both have rheumatism.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

When you apply for membership, please give your husband's first name and also your own first name. Do not use nicknames. Also give the real names of your children and not their nicknames. If the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* comes to you regularly, why do you not cut out the information for correspondents and paste it in a little notebook, which you can refer to when you are in doubt about our rules, and which your neighbors will be glad to see?

TO OUR CHAIRMEN

During the summer months, when many of you are busy with other activities, appeals will still be coming in. It would make the work of this office much easier if you would send to the chairman a list of articles which you have on hand for answering appeals. Each appeal is to be answered only once.

MOTHER'S BOOK

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from the quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our Mothers read."

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Life begins each morning.

I HEARD LINCOLN THAT DAY AT GETTYSBURG

BECAUSE as a schoolboy I was in the little town of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania some seventy-five years ago, I am privileged to tell you today what I then heard and saw, when Abraham Lincoln delivered his address at the dedication of the National Cemetery, an event that will live in the hearts of men so long as brotherly love, forgiveness, faith and compassion shall endure.

From my childhood the word "Gettysburg" was as familiar to me as that of my own home town, Lancaster, some forty miles away. As a boy my summer vacations were spent there, and in July, 1863, shortly after the battle, I wandered over the battlefield with two other lads gathering gruesome mementos of the fearful three days' carnage. When it was known that on a certain day in November, four months after the battle, President Lincoln, "Old Abe," as we boys affectionately called him, was to be in Gettysburg, I was excused from school and accompanied my family, at least to see the President and perhaps to hear what he had to say.

* * *

He arrived from Washington the day before the dedication, and was entertained at the home of Judge David Wills, a leading citizen, and neighbor of my grandparents. In the evening, with a number of my cronies, I helped swell the crowd that gathered on the sidewalk and street in front of Judge Wills' home, hoping the President might appear. But we only got a glimpse of his familiar figure.

Bright and early the next morning I was in the center square of the town where the procession was to form for Cemetery Hill, where the speaking was to take place. At the head of the procession, preceded by a mounted military band, the first I had ever seen, rode the President. He was mounted on a gray horse of medium size which accentuated his unusual height, his long legs reaching too near the ground for either grace or good horsemanship.

After the long, eloquent oration of the Honorable Edward Everett of Massachusetts, conceded to be the most finished orator of his day, Lincoln arose and with a manner serious almost to sadness gave his brief address that rang from the hills of Gettysburg around the world and back many times and will ever continue to reverberate in the hearts and minds of all mankind.

During its delivery, with one or two other lads I had worked my way under the platform and twisted through the crowd in front until I stood within fifteen feet of Mr. Lincoln, and looked up into his serious face. I joined heartily in the applause that followed, which was less pronounced than that given Mr. Everett's address which was sparkling in its eloquence and touching in its appeal.

Although I listened intently to every word the President uttered and heard it clearly, boylike I could not recall any of it afterwards.

* * *

With the lapse of time the appreciation of President Lincoln's address has increased among other than his own countrymen. Fifty years after I as a schoolboy in Gettysburg heard each word of it as it dropped from his lips, Lord Curzon, an eminent Englishman, Earl of Kedleston, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, delivered before the University of Cambridge an address on modern parliamentary eloquence. In the course of his remarks he referred to what he considered the three supreme masterpieces of English eloquence—"The Toast of William Pitt After the Victory at Trafalgar," and two of Lincoln's speeches: the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. In speaking of this address he said, "The Gettysburg Address is far more than a pleasing piece of English composition. It is a pure well of English undefiled. It sets one to inquiring, with nothing short of wonder, 'How knoweth this man letters having never learned?'" The more closely the address is analyzed the more must one confess astonishment at its choice of words, the precision of

thought, its simplicity, directness and effectiveness."

In view of what is happening in some countries today by way of governmental suppression and interference with established religion, it is interesting to note Lincoln's views when asked to regulate the patriotic zeal of some of the churches in his time. He said on January 2, 1863, "The United States Government must not, as by this order, undertake to run the churches. When an individual in church, or out of it, becomes dangerous to the public interest, he must be checked; but let the churches, as such, take care of it themselves. It will not do for the United States to appoint trustees, supervisors, or other agents for the churches."

* * *

Mr. Lincoln was not a churchman, but he was a Christian in the truest sense of the word. His religion has from the first been the subject of controversy. We know that he implicitly believed in God's infinite goodness, power, and love and that he sought on his knees divine guidance in every crisis or emergency; that he had great respect for organized religion though he made a clear distinction between churchianity and Christianity. It has never been denied that he was a student of the Bible from his childhood and humbly and reverently believed in its teachings. Although he never joined a church, he once said, "Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar as a qualification for membership the Savior's statement of the substance of the law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and soul."

When in the early morning of April 14, 1865, the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination was flashed from ocean to ocean, it was heard by a nation bowed in grief. Among the countless expressions of loss that were then uttered perhaps none was more heartfelt than the words of our own poet, James Russell Lowell,

who wrote: "Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker." All of which recorded my own feelings even when a lad, so let me here add to the words of Mr. Lowell a reminder to the youth of every nation. You may search pages of modern history from end to end and can find no nobler example of unselfish devotion to duty, of courageous citizenship and of steadfast adherence to Principle, than in the life of Abraham Lincoln—a life that will never die but which will go on and on forever.

—By William R. Rathvon. Excerpts from a radio address.

FLOWERS TO THE LIVING

Don't wait to lay your flowers upon
The graves of "heroes" dead and gone;
If you have gifts of love to give—
Oh, hand them to the ones who live!
Why wait 'til they are in the ground,
To place them on their earthly mound?
Oh, let them breathe the sweet perfume
While they're still here to see them
bloom!

If those who sleep could have their say
To us—on "Decoration Day,"
If those whose lips are mute, could speak
To us, who in our sad hearts seek
To pay them tribute where they lie,
As gravely, grimly, we tread by,
They'd say to take the flowers and give
Them to the heroes brave who live!

To hand them to the ones who strive
With heart and soul to keep alive
The spirit of Good Will on earth,
And struggle on to prove the worth
Of Peace, and Love, and Brotherhood—
Who battle for the Common Good!

"Give them the flowers," the dead would
say;

"Don't wait 'til Decoration Day
To place them on our mounds, but give
Them to heroic souls that live!"

—James Edward Hungerford.

THE BOATS BRING SPRING TO GRAND MARAIS

WE still find snow in the woods on May Day, at Grand Marais. Indeed, we find it in the sandbanks in June and even in July, buried as deep under drifted sand as ice is buried in sawdust on an old-fashioned farm. Spring and Winter meet at Grand Marais; they hold a windy conversation among the pines and sand dunes. For Spring comes not with a flurry of flowers or with song of birds, upon this shore of Lake Superior; her signs are not the signs the poet sings.

Our little road through the woods was deep in snows—the first snows of the winter under the layers of other snows that came later; so that the last snow would melt first under the April sun, and November's snow would be the last to go. Icicles were dripping from the roof the first day that the sun was warm enough to make an alteration in the landscape. That was the day we saw the sand foliage—the name given by Thoreau, away off in New England so long ago, to the rivulets of sand and water pouring down a sandbank in intricate, interlocking designs. The patterns made are leafy, lacy ones; but the headlong progress of the little channels leads Robert Frost, also of New England, to call them sand lizards. Did either of them ever see the grand scale on which lizards or foliage are created in the great dunes of Michigan?

It was only the promise, not the fact, of spring. The banks were again covered with snow, a new layer of snow over the sand that covered old drifts of snow; for sand is a drifting element, sent by every wind that comes to cover every surface.

Still no growing leaf is green, the blue-jay and the robin come but seldom. But we have seen a rabbit whose white winter coat has a spot of summer brown, and Sable Creek is running fast below our door. A visible reminder of its thick white winter shield of ice remains in the little island, two feet thick, of sand in the middle of the stream, sand settled

on the surface of the ice from the dune above. The ice melted at last; and the sand sank into an island now being melted, in its turn, by the current of the stream.

Two signs of spring for us to treasure in our winter-bound hearts! The final, the conclusive one will come from distant ports, ploughing through and whistling over the waves of Lake Superior. As soon as the waves are free from binding ice, we watch the great expanse of Superior's deep blue wearing, like the rabbit, a winter coat of white. Once there is a breaking near the shore, a line of that famous blue appears; but past that, out to the horizon, the rough white surface stretches. The narrow lane closes over again, and again opens, and once more is locked up by frost. Nature is patient. Nature waits her time. The boats wait for nature.

All winter the fishermen have been tending their boats, mending, repairing, preparing nets, oiling machinery. One or two have bought new boats in anticipation of great catches. These are most eager of all to be out. Others are more cautious. They cannot be lured by the thrill of new boats, the promise of high pay for the first lake trout and whitefish of the season. They wait till there is no risk of being trapped by freezing ice far from shore, halfway to Canada. So the boats go out slowly, one by one, toward adventure and the harvest of the nets, and the four-handled fish boxes begin their swift journeys to the far-off cities of the south.

Still we wait that other sign, the one that brings the assurance of spring to eyes that are weary of winter's brown and white. And on a frosty morning, before we are about our fire building, while in our beds we dream of southern woods where even now hepaticas are in blossom—we hear the boats!

Our sign of spring! Our magical sign! From Cleveland, Buffalo, and Detroit, a fleet of freighters that have been groomed and tended impatiently until word came to their far-away docks that the waterways were clear. Across the

creek and up the dunes, we run to see them come. A parade, a string of them passing, flat and low upon the water; but empty, going to Marquette for iron ore, to Duluth for grain and flour. Clumsy, dingy, workaday vessels, trailed by clouds of steam and smoke, for us they hold all the charm of ancient sails bound to India for spices and rare silks. And they know they bring us romance, release from winter's spell. To all such villages as ours they sing a greeting, great whistles blowing, shrieking their message of goodwill.

All through the day, we hear them. In country kitchens, housewives stop rattling the dishes to hear more clearly the welcome sound, and husbands rest their ax arms while they listen too. In the village, school children and their parents gather at the bay or on the point to watch the boats go by. Someone counts nineteen through the day, and through the night they also pass. Harbingers of spring!

Bluebirds brought us spring in Vermont. Arbutus gave the tidings in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. To a village nestling near the golden dunes of Lake Superior, spring is greeted when the boats come through.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A LITTLE WORD

By ELIZABETH R. BOURET

What made my heart so light today,
And my tedious task worthwhile?

It was but the power of a little word
Sent forth with a loving smile.
It touched my heart like a magic wand,
With an impulse sweet and strong—
That turned its weariness and care
Into joyous, happy song.

O, the mighty power of a little word
To waken a sweet refrain,
Or to smite the heart of one we love
With a cruel blow of pain!
So help me, Lord, that gracious words,
Such as from His lips did fall,
Be mine—sent forth with a smile of love
To brighten the lives of all.

A SMILE OR TWO

"Do you remember when mothers used to hide the stepladder in order to keep the children out of the jam?"

"Yes. And now they hide the car keys."

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the reindeer, its haunts, habits, and uses. One boy was not paying the slightest attention, so the teacher pounced on him.

"Now, Tommy, what is the use of the reindeer?" she asked him.

The startled youngster looked nonplussed, and then replied: "Please, ma'am, it makes things grow."—*The Rail.*

"Did you see that there are some people in the poorer districts who can count up only to four?"

"Oh, that's nothing. I know lots of golfers just as bad."

College Man (who had come to work in the harvest): "I have only one request to make."

Farmer Frown: "What is that?"

College Man: "Please let me stay in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off!"

Traveler: "Why have timetables if your trains are always late?"

Conductor: "Of what use would our waiting-rooms be if the trains were always on time?"

First Oldtimer: "Talk about modern hardships! Why I can remember when we toasted our bread on a fork over the fire!"

Second Oldtimer: "Yeah. And even had to cut the slices ourselves!"

He was at his club and he had talked politics for an hour and a half.

"That's the situation in a nutshell," he declared at the close.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed a member to his neighbor. "What a nut!"—*Edinburgh.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MAY DAY FOR MARY

BY DOROTHY DONALD

"IF you invite Mary Jensen to your May-Day party, I won't come!" declared Flora Dunn, tossing her yellow curls independently.

A deep silence filled the locker room of the Cedarville Grammar school. Then Lois Babcock jumped to her feet, her eyes sparkling angrily.

"I think that's real mean of you, Flora!" she cried. Why don't you like Mary? She's never done anything to you!"

"It isn't that, but my mother wouldn't like me to associate with a girl who lives on River Street."

"She can't help that. Even if she is poor, she's nice, and I'm going to invite her to my party."

"She'll probably come in rags and patches!" said Flora spitefully. "Her coat looks like it's about ten years old."

"Why should we care?" broke in Jenny Wheeler. "Perhaps she can't afford any better. I must say, Flora Dunn, I certainly think you're acting stuck-up."

"I don't care! I won't come to the party if Mary Jensen is invited. I'm going to ask Mother if I can't go to Miss Allan's school. They don't let poor girls like Mary Jensen go there!" Flora's shrill voice carried through the locker room, and the little girl coming into the room at that moment couldn't help but hear the other's spiteful words.

Mary Jensen flushed a dull red, and quickly turned away so that the others might not see the tears gathering in her brown eyes. She fumbled with her locker while the other little girls watched her in an uncomfortable silence. With hands trembling, Mary selected a few books and hurried out of the room, glancing neither to right nor left.

"Do you think she heard?" whispered Jenny Wheeler.

"Of course she did!" Lois turned on Flora, her eyes blazing: "You ought to

be ashamed of yourself, Flora Dunn! I'm going to invite Mary Jensen to my May-Day party, and I don't care whether you come or not! I don't want to be friends with you if you're going to be so stuck up!"

During the next few days, Lois and her chum, Jenny, were kept busy planning games for the party and arranging decorations. Mrs. Babcock had left the entire management of the party to her little daughter, and Lois felt very grown-up as she called a drug store on the phone and asked them to bring some ice cream to her house the following afternoon.

That night she and Jenny made some pretty little May baskets and filled them with flowers and cookies. With several on their arm they were just leaving the house when the front door bell rang.

Lois rushed to the door and flung it open. No one was in sight, but a pretty cornucopia-shaped basket hung from the door knob. The two little girls examined it eagerly. It was stuffed with flowers, and in the center was a paper rolled and tied with a bit of blue ribbon.

Lois excitedly unrolled it, and then squealed with delight. Painted on the paper in pretty colors was a paper doll and an entire wardrobe.

"Isn't it darling!" breathed Jenny.

"It's adorable!" exclaimed Lois. "I've never had any prettier dolls than this! But I wonder who gave it to me? None of the girls can draw."

"Maybe there's a name inside the basket," suggested Jenny.

But despite a careful search, the basket had no marks to identify the giver.

The rest of the evening was spent in going from door to door and leaving May baskets on the porches of unsuspecting friends. The little girls would ring a door bell and then scamper behind a tree to watch their chums' delight when they caught sight of a basket stuffed with flowers and cookies.

The last place to leave a basket was at Mary Jensen's on River Street. One

dim light burned in the shabby little house as Lois crept quietly up on the porch and hung a basket on the door-knob. She had tucked an invitation to her party in among the cookies and flowers, and she sincerely hoped that Mary would find it and come.

The next afternoon, Lois, arrayed in a crisp organdy frock, stood by the door ready to receive her guests.

Mary Jensen, attired in a much-washed white voile dress, was the last one to arrive. She greeted Lois shyly and looked timidly around the room at the other little girls. Lois threw her arms around her in a chummy fashion and introduced Mary to her other little friends.

They played "Musical Chairs," "I Spy," "Kitty Wants a Corner," and many other games, and then, when they were all flushed and tired, they trooped into the dining room for the refreshments.

The table was decorated in pink and yellow, and the ice cream was molded in the shape of little baskets. There were cookies and three different kinds of cake, and Lois piled Mary's plate so high that the little girl declared she would never have time to eat it all.

After they had eaten their fill, they went back into the parlor and played some more games. One was where each little guest was to give a sample of what he or she could do best. It finally came Mary Jensen's turn, and she said that she could draw best. Lois perked up her ears at this news and thoughtfully watched the little girl as she rapidly sketched a pretty doll.

After the last guest had gone home, Lois went into the library to see her father. Mr. Babcock was seated in a large leather chair smoking a pipe when she entered the room.

"Was the party a success?" he asked.

"Everybody said they had a good time," Lois replied. She seated herself in a chair opposite him and cupped her chin in her hands. "Daddy, I want to show you some paper dolls Mary Jensen drew." Lois pulled a rolled paper out of a drawer of the desk and gave it to

her father.

Mr. Babcock gazed at it a long time, then he spoke:

"Why, these are cleverly drawn. They look almost like a professional's. You say Mary drew these?"

"Yes, aren't they darling? Daddy, I wish you'd show them to Mr. Clyde. I don't see why he couldn't use them for his magazine. You know, he has that page for beginning artists, and he pays quite well for the drawings, too. I don't see why Mary couldn't get some of her things in it. They need the money badly."

"But Mary is so young," protested Mr. Babcock.

"That doesn't make any difference. She draws much better than most older people."

"Well, these are beautifully drawn. There's no doubt about your little friend's talent, and I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll speak to Mr. Clyde about it and show him these dolls."

Lois could hardly contain her excitement the next afternoon. She rushed home as soon as school let out and banged into the library where her father was reading a book.

"Did you show it to him?" she demanded.

Mr. Babcock removed his pipe from his mouth and smiled.

"Sit down and catch your breath, Lois. Did you run all the way home from school?" he teased.

"Oh, Daddy, don't bother about that. Tell me about Mr. Clyde. What did he say?"

"Why, Mr. Clyde was very much pleased with Mary's drawings, and he said that he could use as many as she had time to draw!"

"Daddy! Isn't that wonderful? My, I wonder what Mary will say!" Lois hummed a gay little tune and did a jig around the room to express her happiness.

That evening Lois and her father went to Mary's house to tell her the good news. The door was opened by a kind-faced middle-aged woman who was

plainly flustered at having such well-dressed guests coming to her shabby little home.

Mary was in the kitchen doing the dishes when her mother called to her. She came into the little front room still wiping a bowl on a faded blue cloth, and at Lois' joyful news, the dish slipped through her fingers and crashed to the floor.

"Never mind," said Mary at her mother's startled cry, "I'll buy six of them tomorrow!"

At the door while Mr. Babcock was talking with Mrs. Jensen, Mary drew Lois aside and whispered in her ear.

"I'll never, never forget what you've done for me, Lois. It was awfully nice of you."

At the other's sincerity, eleven-year-old Lois suddenly felt a sob welling up

in her throat. She squeezed Mary's hand with a friendly grip, and turned to follow her father to their car.

"I'll see you at school tomorrow!" Lois called, as the automobile drove away from the little house on River Street.

—*Courtesy of The Beacon.*

A FRIEND

A friend is a present you give yourself,
That's one of my old time songs.
So I put you down with the best of them,
For you're where the best belongs.

Among the gifts I have given to me
Most comforting, tried and true,
The one that I oftenest think about
Is my gift to myself of you!

—*Selected.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.

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Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the *Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*, also letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

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